

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Continued.

"You are very good to come at this hour," the sufferer said. "I spoke to you this evening of my dear friend from California. Miss Carden, allow me to present him. God bless you both!"

And thus they met, after the weary flight of years. Tenderly laying Blake back on the pillows, John clasped Jessie's hands and looked in her face.

"John!"

"Jessie!"

"Take her in your arms, John! Don't mind me. She loves—"

His voice died with a whisper, and, with a long-drawn sigh, he closed his eyes.

"He's dying! Call the doctor!" exclaimed Jessie, fear and pity chasing the love light from her eyes.

"Don't send for him, I'm all right now," pleaded Blake, opening his eyes. "Let me lie here and talk to you. The sight of you two is better than all the drugs or instruments. I have something to tell you—Miss Carden."

"You promised not to talk," interrupted John Burt, with a look at Blake which had all the effect of a command.

"Let me say just a word!" he exclaimed. "To see you two together, and to hold your hands in mine after all that has happened, gives me new courage and renewed ambition."

The subdued sound of conversation came from the adjoining room. All of Blake's faculties seemed abnormally acute.

"Is not that Edith's voice?" he asked.

"She is in the other room," said Jessie.

"Let her come in," pleaded Blake. John made a gesture of disapproval.

"I should like to see her, but you know best, I suppose, John," he said.

Dr. Harkness entered the room and signaled to John that the interview

extending his hand, "but any friend of my grandson's is welcome to such hospitality as a Burt can offer."

"Aye, aye, sir, Captain Burt! My name's Hawkins—John Hawkins, and I'm coming ashore," said the gentleman, stepping from the carriage.

Peter Burt grasped him by the shoulders and stared into his face.

"Jack Hawkins! Jack Hawkins, of the Segregansett! The dead has come to life, and God is good to his servant! Forgive me, Hawkins, as He has forgiven me!"

"Nothing to forgive, Captain Burt!" exclaimed John Hawkins, heartily, as he grasped the patriarch's hand. "You dropped me off the Segregansett in the right place and at the right time. Destiny orders all these things, and old destiny and I are chums. I'll tell you all about it, Captain Burt, when we have lots of time."

Linked arm in arm the old captain and his first mate entered the wide door of the Burt farmhouse.

Neyer had the great oaken table upheld such a dinner. Mrs. Jasper was temporarily supplanted by a chef from Boston. Rare old plate came, for the first time in John's recollection, from mysterious chests stored away in the attic. Those who surrounded the board never forgot the invitation offered by Peter Burt when he blessed the food. The shadows which darkened his life had all been lifted, and the austere cloud passed from his features as fog before a quickening gale.

Glistening in a new coat of paint, the Standish bobbed at the landing when John helped Jessie on board. They had accepted Sam Rounds's invitation to a clambake at Churchill's Grove, and Sam asked all his old friends and neighbors. For the first time in the memory of the living generation Peter Burt attended an outing. Under the giant pines he sat

him, sacred to the ancestral founder of the house of Burt.

In the long summer days Jessie's children play about Peter Burt's knees. Nearly five score years have passed over his head. His shoulders are bent, and the voice falters at times, but his eyes preserve the spark of their wonted fires.

Watched and cared for by those who love him, he calmly awaits the coming of the reaper, into whose garner long since have been gathered the atoms of his generation.

A few miles away another mansion fronts the ocean. James Blake and his fair Edith have been blessed with two children and with each other's love. A roguish boy bears the name of John, and a dainty little miss responds to the name of Jessie. James Blake is now in fact as well as in name the head of the great firm so conspicuous in this narrative. In a thousand ways he has merited the confidence reposed in him by John Burt. Generous as yet, almost to a fault, he has acquired with responsibility that breadth of view and poise of judgment which found its highest expression in the man who made his success possible.

Retiring from active business when most men are making a start, John Burt has devoted his time to the study of statesmanship in its purest sense. Political honors have crowded upon him. There are thousands who share the confident faith of his loving wife that the highest place in the gift of the people shall some day crown his career.

There are frequent reunions in the old farmhouse or on the spacious lawns surrounding John Burt's residence. Once a year Sam Rounds superintends a clambake, and John Hawkins always manages to be present. To the latter's inquiries concerning the future Mrs. Rounds, Sam turns a grinning, untroubled face.

"No man in Rocky Woods is a bachelor until he is way past sixty," Sam declares, "and I'm spry yet as a colt in clover. Sometimes Ma Rounds is a bit doubtful about my matrimonial chances, but I have hopes; I still have hopes. Edith, may I help you to some more of them clams? Jessie, please pass young Master Burt's plate; it's empty already. How that boy grows! He's coming up like sparrowgrass after a rain."

Mrs. Rounds bustles around, her eyes bright with the joy of being busy.

"You set down, Ma Rounds," commands Sam in a hopeless tone. "You set right down and let us young folks talk on the table. I can't break her of workin', John; I swan, I just can't do nothin' with her. Well," raising a glass of sparkling cider, "here's God bless all good people, an' happy days tew all of ye!"

(The End.)

HARD WORK TO KILL BEAR.

North Carolina Men Evidently Not the Marksmen Their Fathers Were.

Some of the citizens of the Ashland section had a novel experience in killing a big black bear recently. He was discovered passing across the bottoms of the Bushnell plantation about noon, by Alfred Jones, a colored tenant on the place, who notified all the farmers in the neighborhood. A number of men came with their dogs and their guns and proceeded to locate the beast.

The dogs soon struck the track and several of the hunters got within close range at 2 o'clock. Five or six loads were fired into him before he had apparently noticed any onslaught. Firing continued for several hours with slight effect, and several fierce fights between the dogs and the bear occurred, but he apparently made no effort to attack any of the hunters. Late in the afternoon, after considerable dodging in a thick swamp, he climbed a large tree. Several shots were fired at him from below, and he went out on a limb which was so small it broke under his weight.

When he fell to the ground Mr. Ed Harrill was at very close range and got a good aim at a point just below the heart, which ended the conflict. Mr. Summers, who sent for his wagon, carried the bear to the nearest scales and found that he weighed 267 pounds.—Charlotte Observer.

Scientific English Farming.

At Farlington, Berkshire, farming has been raised to a science. Mr. George Adams, of the royal prize farm, Wadley house, farms some 4,000 acres, of which about half is arable and half pasture. He employs from 200 to 250 laborers, milks 500 cows daily, keeps about forty Shire brood mares, a score of breeding sows, and from 3,000 to 4,000 laying hens, grows about 1,000 acres of grain, besides attending to other multifarious items in the ordinary course of farm practice. About 1,000 acres of meadow hay are harvested annually. All the work, cutting, carrying and rickling, is done by piecework.—Tid-Bits.

Kind Resembles Lincoln.

Representative John Lind of Minnesota, who has twice been governor of that state and has been nominated for justice of the Supreme Court, is said to bear a marked resemblance to Lincoln. In fact, he seems a perfect double of the martyred President; even the expression of his face is similar, as well as his contour. He is extremely tall and gaunt and has a shambling gait.

The Woman of It.

She—I had a splendid half-hour's chat with young Simpkins last evening.

He—Indeed! Why, everybody says he is stupid and never says anything.

She—True; but he's an excellent listener.



Buying Fertilizers.

Our state legislatures are doing what they can to protect the people against low grade fertilizers. Some of the states require the experiment stations to publish special bulletins on fertilizers and send them to all the farmers that want them. This is to spread the information among the farmers as rapidly as possible. If our farmers would avail themselves of these opportunities more than they do they would be the gainers. The fertilizer trade is already a very large one in the East and is growing rapidly in the West. All the information that can be gained should be laid hold of. Our best fertilizer firms are selling only good materials and are as anxious as the farmers can be to keep the poor goods out of the market. Any attempt to enforce the fertilizer laws always has the support of these companies, for their worst enemies are the small companies that are selling inferior goods at a low price. The farmer thinks he is getting a bargain in buying these cheap goods and so goes to the men that sell him the poorest stuff and make the most out of him. If the men that are selling the cheap fertilizers sold it as low as do the men that sell only high grade fertilizers the men that sell the poor stuff would have to go out of business. They sell the poor stuff and make money by really getting for the fertilizers contained a greater price than the others do. The farmer is finding this out slowly.

Some of the large firms stoop to create bogus companies that sell this material. The writer happened in the territory of one such firm doing business in the southern part of Illinois. The large firm in question had an agency in the place and this agency sent out two sets of agents, one set representing the agency and the other representing a fictitious company supposed to be located in the same place. The cheap material was worked off under the name of the bogus company and generally on farmers to whom could not be sold the high priced goods, but who wanted something cheap. It was found best to sell mostly to farmers too far away to come to the place and look up the headquarters. But one day a farmer who had been buying the cheap goods came into the agency referred to and said he was very much dissatisfied with the fertilizers of the company he had been buying of, and he wanted to be directed to their store. The agent informed him that the company he was looking for had formerly been located in that neighborhood, but had been burned out and had gone out of business, but that he would be glad to supply the farmer with goods that could not be found fault with.

The farmer that is always looking at the price and not at the quality at the same time is always getting beaten in his trades. It is impossible that it should be otherwise as long as there are unscrupulous men that are making a living in commercial ventures.

Professor Hopkins has been telling the farmers that they must ignore everything in fertilizers except the elements that they are looking for, and he is right. It is not a question of how many tons of fertilizing material a farmer buys, but of how many pounds of potassium, phosphorus and nitrogen he is getting, and at what cost per pound.

Records of Farm Drains.

Another feature of engineering work for farm drainage in which there should be great improvement is that of maps and records. At Ames, on the college farm, the present authorities have had predecessors who put in quite extensive amounts of tile drains without leaving accurate plans, so that in many places we cannot now find even where the drains were built, to say nothing of their sizes, grades and depths. In making excavations old lines of tile whose very existence was not suspected are not infrequently encountered, and the writer knows of places where at least two systems of tiles in the same locality have been put in by successive generations of authorities. The same or a worse state of affairs must result on individual farms throughout the state, as time goes by and the farms change owners, unless the present almost total neglect of keeping complete records of all tile drains built is remedied. Even if the land does not change owners, men's memories fail, and the writer has often noted that even after a very few years men who actually help build drains are frequently unable to locate them within a considerable distance. Without complete maps showing the particulars of our drains how can we hope to keep them in working order? The breaking and choking up of a single tile might render many acres of land worthless in a wet season, and cause enough damage in a single year to have paid ten times over for records which would have enabled the difficulty to be located and remedied at less than one dollar's expense.—Iowa Station.

At the Ontario agricultural college potatoes were planted in rows 2 1/2 inches apart with the sets one foot apart in the row, and others were planted 33 inches apart each way, exactly the same amount of seed being used in both cases. The close planting gave a yield of 31.4 bushels more than the other method.

GOING TO FIND MOTHER.

Pathetic Story of Henry Ward Beecher's Childhood.

William James, the Harvard psychologist, was illustrating the confusion into which children's minds may be thrown by the reception of different ideas about the same subject.

"Henry Ward Beecher," he said, "furnished us in his childhood with a good example of the thing I mean. On the death of Beecher's mother the little fellow was told by some that she had gone to heaven, and by others that she had been laid in the ground."

"He brooded over these contradictory ideas until they were reconciled in his mind. Then, one morning, he was found digging in the garden very busily."

"What are you doing?" they asked him.

"Why," said the child, "I am going to heaven to find mother."

Then Finish the Dishes.

The B's had given an impertinent maid notice, and in consequence were obliged to assume the duties that she pointedly neglected. On the last day of Katie's stay, as one of the ladies of the family was hastening to answer a ring at the front door, she was arrested by an explosive whisper from the rear of the hall, where the irrepressible ex-maid, Katie, in most unbecomingly dishabille, was established. "Mrs. B. if that's anyone for me, say I'm out!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fish Fighting in Siam.

Fish fighting is the most popular sport in Siam. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle. It is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle. Swelling with rage and pride, they sail around and around the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other, until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, biting its fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.

Straining the Air.

A woman living in a smoky city helps to keep her house clean by straining the air as it is drawn into the cold air register or box to be sent up through the pipes into the different rooms, says Good Housekeeping. The register is taken out, a piece of cheesecloth a trifle larger than the opening is spread over the pipe and the register is replaced, its edges holding the cheesecloth in place. The particles of soot and dust which accumulate on the cheesecloth soon prove how much the wall paper and furniture have been saved.

Animals of Angora.

A writer on the Angora goat calls attention to the fact that the climate of Angora possesses some remarkable peculiarities causing the development of a silky coat on animals of various kinds. Not only the famous goats, which produce mohair, are thus furnished, but a similar tendency is exhibited among such animals as cats and greyhounds living in the same country.

Spectacles of Famous Man.

Walter Newbegin, a Kezar Falls, Me., collector of curiosities, has the spectacles worn by Rev. John Buzzell, the first Baptist minister in Maine, who is said to have had his eyesight suddenly restored and to have grown a new head of hair and a set of teeth at the ripe age of 50 years.

CAN DRINK TROUBLE.

That's one way to get it.

Although they won't admit it many people who suffer from sick headaches and other ailments get them straight from the coffee they drink and it is easily proved if they're not afraid to leave it to a test as in the case of a lady in Connellville.

"I had been a sufferer from sick headaches for twenty-five years and anyone who has ever had a bad sick headache knows what I suffered. Sometimes three days in the week I would have to remain in bed, at other times I couldn't lie down the pain would be so great. My life was a torture and if I went away from home for a day I always came back more dead than alive."

"One day I was telling a woman my troubles and she told me she knew that it was probably coffee caused it. She said she had been cured by stopping coffee and using Postum Food Coffee and urged me to try this food drink."

"That's how I came to send out and get some Postum and from that time I've never been without it for it suits my taste and has entirely cured all of my old troubles. All I did was to leave off the coffee and tea and drink well-made Postum in its place. This change has done me more good than everything else put together."

"Our house was like a drug store for my husband bought everything he heard of to help me without doing any good, but when I began on the Postum my headaches ceased and the other troubles quickly disappeared. I have a friend who had an experience just like mine and Postum cured her just as it did me."

"Postum not only cured the headaches, but my general health has been improved, and I am much stronger than before. I now enjoy delicious Postum more than I ever did coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason" and it's worth finding out.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.

Mrs. S. W. Marine, of Colorado Springs, Began to Fear the Worst.

Doan's Kidney Pills Saved Her. Mrs. Sarah Marine, of 428 St. Union St., Colorado Springs, Colo., President of the Glen Eyrie Club, writes:

"I suffered for three years with severe backache. The doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found it was only a waste of time and money to take them, and began to fear that I would never get well. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of health for more than four months, and words can but poorly express my gratitude."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Embroidered and lace-trimmed window blinds are generally placed in sitting rooms now. Those trimmed with shiny and point d'amore lace are very handsome, while still more elaborate are some embroidered duchesse blinds deeply flounced with lace.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the formation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 50c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Table cloths and serviettes should be slightly starched, for thus they will be made to retain their fresh and clean appearance longer.

World's Fair Visitors.

Persons attending the great Exposition at St. Louis should secure a room close to the Fair and in a safe brick building. Hotel Epworth has all the conveniences of a first-class modern hotel, within four minutes' walk of Convention and Administration entrance. Rates \$1.00 per day and up for lodging. Meals at reasonable prices. From Union Station, go to Olive street, turn Palmer Garden car, going west to 6300. Our boys meet all cars.

A box filled with lime and placed on the shelf in a pantry and frequently renewed will absorb the damp and keep the air pure and dry.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"How gracefully young Skivvies raises his hat." "I wish he could raise the price of the hat half as gracefully."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

Some women can keep a secret easier than they can keep money.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOMAS R. BULMS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Merchants who make each customer believe they are special cases are the ones who win.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life." I had dyspepsia and kidney disease. Dr. J. A. Morris, Park Place, N. Y. It's a bottle.

A large proportion of the cooking in Paris restaurants is done in sight of the customers.

Marine Eye Remedy cures sore eyes, makes weak eyes strong. All druggists, 50c.

For Cupboard Corner



TRADE MARK.

For Cupboard Corner

St. Jacobs Oil

Straight, strong, sure, is the best household remedy for

Rheumatism

Neuralgia Sprains

Lumbago Bruises

Backache Soreness

Sciatica Stiffness

Price, 25c. and 50c.

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment

cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises.

Wiggle-Stick

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE

Wiggle-Stick breaks, breaks and breaks. Costs 10 cents and equals 25 cents worth of any other blue.